

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

March 1921

"I Serve"



A.M. LIPJOHN

Which is taller, the Moravian maid
or the Slovakian boy? Both live
in the republic of Czecho-Slovakia.



Industry and hope are living qualities of the rising generation in Poland

IN KOSCIUSZKO'S COUNTRY

OH dearest of little fat mothers, do not scold your son Wiktor because he is lonely for you and the boy baby. I will be good. The Americans are so good there is no telling, only it isn't the same, even though I have much to eat and beautiful pants. There are meats to eat and even there are cakes and many good things. But, littlest of dear fat mothers, there are no herrings. I would give my heart for a herring. Send your son Wiktor a herring or he must die or run away to where herrings are once more."

Neither the writer, a seven-year-old boy in the Liskow Orphanage, nor anyone else knew where his mother was, but he was touchingly confident that the Red Cross workers could deliver the letter. A few days after writing it, he ran away—in search of the mother and baby brother, it would be nice to think. Fact reveals, however, that he was really on the scent of the herring, for meeting a Red Cross worker who was returning to the orphanage with a supply of the fish of his dreams, Wiktor immediately went back with her and presumably "lived happily ever after."

Wiktor is only one of many hundreds of orphans and other homeless children in Poland, the land which gave Kosciuszko to America and the world, and where the American Junior Red Cross is today lending a helping hand through various projects supported by the National Children's Fund.

At Czestochova, the historic town which a handful of brave defenders once held against an army, a city park was placed at the disposal of the Junior Red Cross, and equipped by it with cement tennis courts, a basketball court, croquet grounds, hockey grounds, and other game supplies for the younger chil-



A Polish school farm-ette who is glad the Junior Red Cross found her

dren, thus providing a playground for 500 children or more. A near-by tract of ground has been ploughed up, levelled, and rolled, making an ideal football field. Two other playgrounds, already established, have been given the regular playground equipment of the Junior Red Cross, and, in addition, garden seeds and tools. One of these playgrounds ran down to a creek, where a bathhouse had been erected of discarded packing cases, and here the boys have perfected an "ole swimmin' hole."

At Warsaw, the capital, approximately 2,300 children are being given a chance to regain their health, as well as to provide food for their community, by the inauguration of the school gardens. Plots were secured and seeds and tools furnished the children, who vie with each other in the production of bumper crops of potatoes, carrots, beets, beans, and such vegetables.

At the Liskow Orphanage the Junior Red Cross not only furnishes a home for numbers of children who had been living in utmost misery, but also promotes a recreational and educational program. Here about 1,000 children are instructed in school work, including industrial training, manual training, recreation, and daily calisthenic drills. The Junior Red Cross provided all school books and supplies, such as maps, paper and pencils.

It was once necessary to supply marbles. It began to be noticed that children of the Orphanage went about with anxious expressions and hands tightly holding together various important articles of their clothing. Investigation disclosed the startling fact that all but-



School gardens equipped by Juniors are helping orphans to help themselves

tons had disappeared from their garments. Questioning failed to solve the mystery and safety pins were hastily supplied to tide over the emergency. All went well for a day or two. Then lo! The safety pins vanished even as the buttons and again the youngsters appeared, anxiously clutching their clothes. The strain becoming too great for both wearers and spectators, a rigid inquiry revealed the truth. It was quite simple. In the dearth of toys the children had invented a game in which buttons and later safety pins were the spoils. One young expert had "cornered the market." A shipment of marbles sent by the Red Cross to the orphanage saved the situation.

That the children of Poland are very appreciative of what has been done for them is evinced by a simple letter of thanks on behalf of 100 children of an orphanage in the little city of Wolozytn, which the Red Cross aided with much-needed warm clothing. Do not laugh at the English used. Perhaps not many of us can write Polish as well as these little orphan girls write English:

"Great Red Cross in Warszawa—Good Mistrs: For such good nich things, we are sending American Red Cross, such pleasant thanks, from 100 children of Poland. We were so glad, when we see all things, what come from America. We were jumping, scriming, dansing, when we see nice dresses, peticotes, boots, warm jursies, stokings, blankits, and many other kind of things. That teacher said she did not never saw children, so glad ofen as there saw these clothes. Last winter, it was so cold, days, and nights. How poor dear teachers was afraid, that we did not have nothing of clothes no stokings. Today we only hardly have nopilla cases,

no sheets, and three other things for the beds. Not very long ago time and Dokter came to the sick girl and when he saw meny beds without pillow cases and sheets. The dokter said, it must be very clean, because the children wont be better if it will be allways without the clean things for the bed. And also we havent hardly got no tails (towels) for the faces. Please Mrs. we are asking to not forget us, and we will every day pray hard that God would give good luck, for such good harts, for the poor children. Now we are thanking very much for everything. From us girls of Poland."

MARCH WIND

Hurrying, scurrying, whirling along,
Laughing he comes with a roistering song.
He dances with glee on the rippling sea,
With fury he lashes the shivering tree;
With foamy clouds flashing
And little waves splashing
He hurries on, rollicking, frolicking,
dashing!
The sunlit world scorning,
He shouts a wild warning,
Then swish! He goes flying off
through
the
mad
morning!

—Ethel Blair.

* * *

Catherine Breshkovsky, the "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," has 250 children under her wing in Ruthenia. They are being clothed and educated. At her request the Junior Red Cross furnished the tools and machinery needed in teaching the children various trades. "The young generation," she writes, "holds in its hands the happiness or sorrow of the coming world."



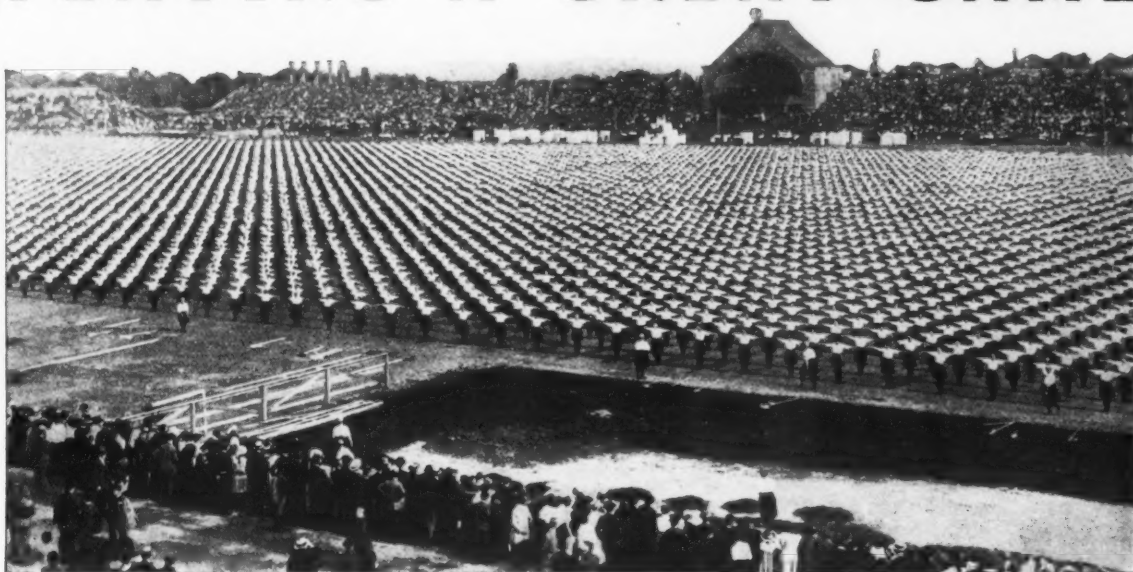
He cultivates a cabbage patch, as well as a smile, in Warsaw



UMPERWOOD & UNDERWOOD © PHOTOS

(1) Czecho-Slovakian flag, made by women of America. (2) Old castles along the banks and numerous bridges across the Elbe River and its branches add to the picturesqueness of Prague. (3) Folk dancer in a high jump. (4) President Masaryk joining children of Prague in applauding Health Game ceremonies. (5) Ornamental architecture of middle ages is still found in Prague. (6) Another view of Sokol (athletic) Congress meeting. Sokol Societies were organized in 1862 to unite the people, and have 300,000 members.

PLAYING A GREAT GAME



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

Imagine seven times as many children as you see women in this Sokol drill, and you will get a mental picture of the 70,000 children who take part in the Junior Red Cross Health Game in Czecho-Slovakia

LOOKING much like one of Kipling's jungle animals, with its nose poking over into what was a part of northern Austria, its ears cocked toward Berlin, and its stubby tail separating Poland and Hungary, lies a new country in Central Europe. It is Czecho-Slovakia, one of the first republics to spring into life as a result of the World War. Old geography maps will show that it includes Bohemia and Moravia, former states in the Austro-Hungarian empire, and Slovakia and Ruthenia, formerly parts of Hungary. Its people speak many languages and possess many different customs. Prague, the capital, is one of the ancient cities of Europe, and was the residence of the

By Walter S. Gard

great granaries and storehouses of natural wealth.

Nowhere in all Europe is the name America spoken with greater kindness than in this new republic, but it is among the children that affection for America is most outspoken. The secret of this new friendship, perhaps, is the fact that the boys and girls of the American Junior Red Cross introduced themselves to the Czecho-Slovakian children by means of a game. Among the boys and girls over there all work and no play is as certain to make dull schools as it would in the United States. They welcomed this new game which they called "The Fight for Health." It is a variation of the fresh air and cleanliness game played

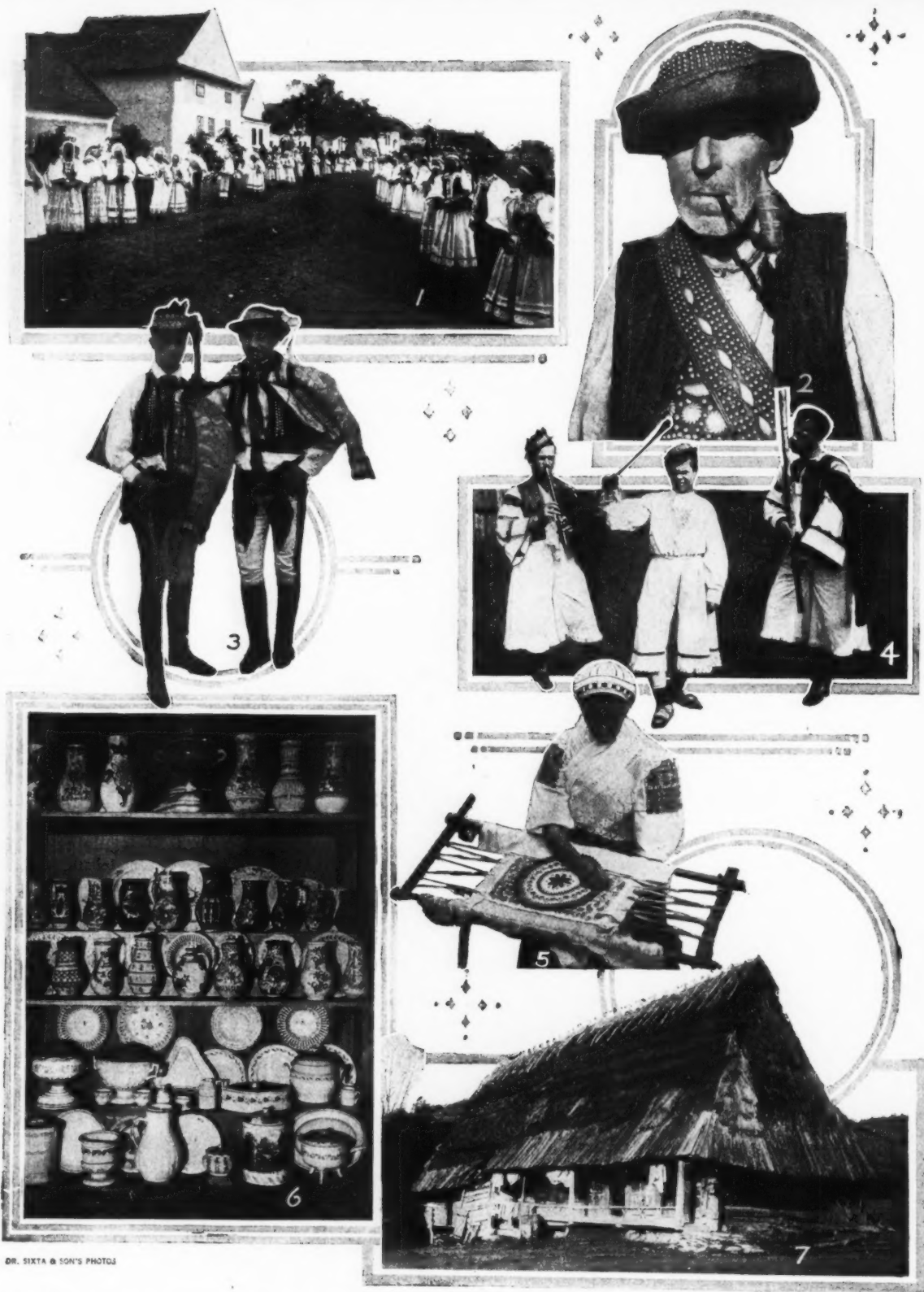
by American school children and calls for long hours of sleep with the windows open, for personal tidiness, for clean faces, hands, and teeth, and to this has been added the doing of at least one daily act of unselfish service for others. Each child's achievements are scored on a card and awards are made to the successful players of the game.

"The Fight For Health" was first introduced as a game



An outline map of Czecho-Slovakia, indicating the provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and Ruthenia

kings of Bohemia, being known to this day as a city of palaces. Its fame as an educational center has continued undiminished from the Middle Ages, when its university was the greatest in Europe. The people are bound together by a love of freedom and devotion to the ideals of a republic, their form of government being based largely upon our own. Czecho-Slovakia is one of Europe's



DR. SIXTA & SON'S PHOTOS

(1) Fête day in a Slovakian village. (2) Brass-studded leather hats, vests, and belts are common in Slovakia. This is a cheese-maker. (3) Slovakian dandies, showing fancy leather coats and black-braided white trousers. (4) Slovakian dancer and reed-instrument players. (5) Lace-making is an important industry. (6) Slovakian chinaware. (7) High thatch-roofed houses are found in Ruthenia and the Carpathian Mountains generally.

among the children of Czecho-Slovakia in the summer of 1919 when the Junior Red Cross accepted the management of a colony of 455 undernourished children sent to the Tatra Mountains from the poorest districts of Prague. Those Prague children entered the mountain camp hungry and ragged, little victims of a cruel war, but when the time came to board the train for home, the rosy-cheeked, clear-eyed, happy-faced youngsters were hardly recognizable as the band of discouraged children who had come there a month or two before.

Immediately there was a demand for a continuation of the game and soon the Junior Red Cross was at work in four schools in Prague where 2,000 children joined in playing it. It meant a great deal to them, for their teacher said, "You are playing the game not only for your own sakes, but for our nation, because when the children throughout the Republic are strong then all the nation will be strong." In one suburban school the children rebelled against the unclean condition of their school house. "How can we keep ourselves clean for the Americans?" they asked, "if the city allows our building to become so dirty?" So they took matters into their own hands and scrubbed the building from top to bottom.

Their effort to do their daily helpful deed made them most polite. One disconsolate little chap, when questioned, said, "I tried to do a helpful act for a big boy today, but he wouldn't let me. When I asked him to allow me to carry his bundle, he just looked down at me and laughed." A little girl announced proudly, "I won a victory last night. I persuaded my mother to sleep with the window open." When the time came to reward the victors in the health battle, it was found that almost every pupil's card showed a perfect score, and their proud parents came to see them receive knots of Czech colors, pinned on by representatives of the Junior Red Cross while the band played and the crowds cheered.

Next, came renewed playing of the health game in forty summer camps scattered throughout the country. More than 10,000 children were enlisted in the army of cleanliness and health. Many amusing things occurred in these camps. The first day that 500 hungry Czech children from Vienna entered a camp, the tooth paste all disappeared. They had eaten it for candy. And the children's ideas of a helpful deed varied greatly. One big boy of 13 was asked what his helpful act had been, and he replied, "I ate another boy's dinner." Questioned about the helpfulness of this performance, he explained, "We have got to eat

what is on our plates. The other fellow couldn't eat his, so I ate it for him." One pale, little boy said he had given his afternoon cocoa to a girl. She was strong and rosy-cheeked, but it was somewhat difficult to make the boy understand that it was not a helpful deed to give her what had been given him to make him a stronger and better citizen of the Republic. In the summer camps the children were floated to health on billows of soapsuds. The Junior Red Cross aided in this work by contributing 2,227 cakes of soap in addition to twenty barrels of soft soap, 5,849 wash cloths, and 9,003 towels. Teeth were made white with 7,199 Junior toothbrushes and 8,174 tubes of paste, which met the shortage among the young campers.

During the past winter, the health game was taken up by 70,000 Czecho-Slovakian children in the schools of the four largest cities of the country, Prague, Pilsen, Brno, and Bratislava, and more than 50,000 cakes of soap, nearly 7,000 toothbrushes and a like number of boxes of tooth-powder were supplied by the Junior Red Cross in addition to "weapons" provided by the children themselves in their "Fight for Health."

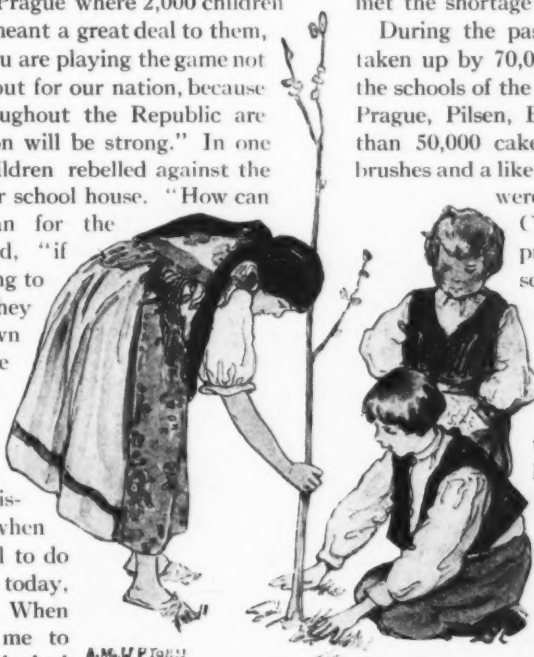
One day, one of the teachers in a Prague school told her pupils this little story:

"Did you know that your face, hands and teeth know how to speak? They have their own language, and when they are washed and you take away the ugly dirt, they say, 'How well we feel; how well we live! We are as clean as fresh snow, thanks to the soap, water, and brush who pitied us.'"

"That is the way they speak after being washed and that is why you feel so comfortable. The only blunder is that they do not cry

loudly enough when you leave them dirty. And then, children, your clean hands say something more. Maybe you know your old Czech proverb, 'Clean hands, clean heart.' Do you know what it means? It means that a man who wishes to keep his body clean, becomes at the same time the enemy of bad thoughts, has a good, clean, kind heart. And moreover, everybody who sees how nice you look from the outside will think at once that within it is equally nice."

One night after the girls and boys had begun playing the health game, a traveler entered the outskirts of Prague. "Where are the children?" he asked. "They used to swarm the streets at night." The parents replied, "They are keeping their rule, 'Every night I sleep nine hours.'" It was a victory in "The Fight for Health," which has been so successful that the children of Czecho-Slovakia are now being organized into a Junior Red Cross of their own.



A.M. L. P. TOLIN

The linden tree is a symbol of liberty in Czecho-Slovakia. Thousands were planted by school children when the republic was formed



R. N. UPJOHN

Sezze (Sèt'-sè), Italy, is a little city in the clouds. The mountain of St. Felice rises from the plain like a rocky island in the mist. Far below are swamps which stretch to the sea. On these Volscian heights, an ancient race retains its purity of type and vigor. The women are handsome and graceful. They walk superbly with great copper jars on their heads and wear marvelous earrings of gold and pearl.
(Elena and Her Easter Cake)

ELENA AND HER EASTER CAKE

A CIAMBELLA (chahmbella) is an Italian Easter cake made of flour and sugar and olive

By Anna Milo Upjohn
Illustrated by the Author

oil and tastes like a crisp cookie. If you are a girl you will have a dove, if a boy, a galloping horse with a fine handle of twisted dough from mane to tail. In both cases an Easter egg will be baked inside the ciambella.

Elena's cake was an unusually large one, in the shape of a dove, with wings and tail feathers and an open beak. It had been brought to the bakery to be baked. As Elena panted up the hill to get it she saw Giuseppina (joo-sep-peé-nah) outside the cabane helping her mother with the washing. The baby stood in a high narrow box where he could look on and yet be out of mischief.

"I am going to get my ciambella," cried Elena.

"I'm not going to have any," said Giuseppina sadly.

When Elena reached the bakery she found a great crowd. The four o'clock cakes were coming out of the oven. There were all sorts, large and small, some were cookies and some big loaves made with almonds and honey and eggs. Everyone stood on tip-toe to see their own cakes pulled out of the oven.

Elena walked proudly through the streets carrying her ciambella as though in a procession. At home she laid the dove in a nest of clean aprons and handkerchiefs to rest until Sunday morning, when it would be eaten.

Everyone in Sezze (Set'-se) was cleaning house frantically before Easter. There was the warmth of spring in the air after a cold winter. On the slopes below the town the almond trees were in blossom and the snow had disappeared from the mountains, the tops of which were drifted with slow-moving clouds.

Giuseppina's father was very poor, but he was saving money to build a little stone house instead of the cabane. He told the children that when they

had the house they would have a ciambella every year. In the meantime Giuseppina helped her mother to make the cabane as neat as possible for Easter.

Elena felt very sorry for Giuseppina and every night prayed that she might have a ciambella.

On Easter Sunday Elena came running after Giuseppina. "Oh, Giuseppina," she asked earnestly, "did you get a ciambella?"

"No. I didn't," said Giuseppina, and passed rapidly on.

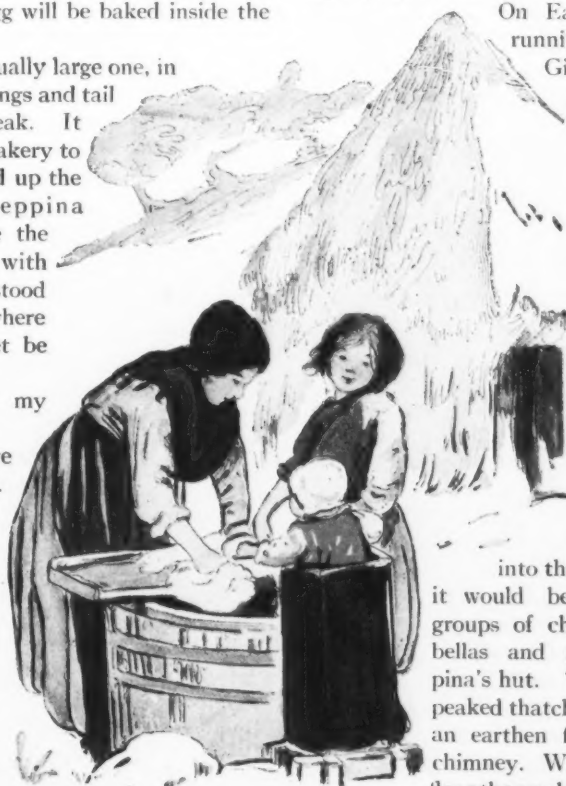
Elena was much disappointed. She had prayed hard and felt that Giuseppina deserved an Easter cake. Then suddenly a thought struck her. She went home thoughtfully and opened the drawer and looked a long time at her ciambella. Then she took the dove lovingly in her arms and carried it into the street. It was the last time it would be on parade. She passed groups of children all munching ciambellas and made her way to Giuseppina's hut. The hut was round, with a peaked thatched roof. It's one room had an earthen floor, no windows and no chimney. When the fire was made on the floor the smoke struggled through holes in the roof. But the family lived out in the sun and went indoors only when it rained or was very cold.

"Happy Easter," said Elena. "Happy Easter," answered Giuseppina, her eyes fixed on the cake. She had been feeling bitterly jealous of Elena because of that wonderful Easter cake.

"I brought my ciambella to eat with you," said Elena, "and you may hold it, and Oh, Giuseppina, you may have the egg!"

Giuseppina grew scarlet. "I never saw such a beauty," she said. "Do you know," she added shyly, "I prayed for a ciambella."

"I prayed that you would get one, too," said Elena. "And then I just happened to think that maybe God wanted me to share mine with you, so here it is all ready to eat."



"Elena saw Giuseppina outside the cabane helping her mother with the washing. The baby stood in a high narrow box."

TO A SHEPHERD BOY IN THE ALBANIAN HILLS

Just a patch o' sunlight,
Eyes and lips that smile,
Jet black tresses blowing
In the winds the while.

Just a patch o' sunlight,
Clad in red and gold,
Youth among the olives
That are ages old.

—Charmé Seeds.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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The Great Out-of-doors will soon be calling. When the green begins to creep back into the trees it suggests a school activity which has come to mean much to the boys and girls—the planting of gardens. During the World War vacant plots everywhere were made to produce vegetables, fruit, and flowers. They became interesting spots in every city, town, and village. Those War Gardens and Victory Gardens gave so much pleasure, were so helpful and healthful, and enabled boys and girls to learn so much about nature, that the members of the Junior Red Cross are being urged to make productive again the vacant grounds which seem to have been provided for this very purpose. Junior Peace Gardens can be as productive as Junior War Gardens.

Big Days in March include the inauguration of a new President of the United States, March 4; the anniversary of the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac, fought March 9, 1862; the birthday of Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, born at Waxhaw, North Carolina, March 15, 1767; the birthday of James Madison, fourth President, born in King George County, Virginia, March 16, 1751; the birthday of Grover Cleveland, the twenty-second President, born at Caldwell, New Jersey, March 18, 1837; the anniversary of the call for the first Congress of the American Colonies, March 19, 1690; the first day of Spring, March 21; Easter Sunday, March 27; the anniversary of the beginning of the Mexican War, Gen. Zachary Taylor having crossed the Rio Grande with 4,000 men, March 28, 1846; the birthday of John Tyler, tenth President, born in Charles City County, Virginia, March 29, 1790; and the anniversary of the ceding of Alaska to the United States by Russia, for \$7,200,000, March 30, 1867.

What Service Is Phillips Brooks has summed up service as follows: "The whole sum of life is service—service to others and not to self. No man has come to greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to the race." It is this conception of service that is being presented to the school children of America by the Junior Red Cross.

BEFORE SPRING

Fare you well, who love the highways,
Love the cities, tall and bright,
For the forest ways are my ways,
And the birds' songs my delight,
And the stars in river byways
Are my only lamps by night.

I shall see the Spring awaking
While you think it winter still,
Watch the brittle ice forsaking
Edge of marsh and pool and rill,
And the little willows making
Yellow mists against the hill.

—Alice Duer Miller.

THE WEST WIND'S SONG

I am the Wind of the Wanderers,
The wind of the old Romance—
Of fluttering banners and plumes a-sway,
Of glittering, high-tossed silver-spray—
The troubadour Wind of Chance!
—Ethel Blair.

"AMERICA" IN SPANISH

¡Oh, patria mia!
Bendita tierra
De libertad.
A ti dirijo
Todos los días
Las armonías
De mi cantar.

Amo tu nombre
Amo tus rocas
Amo tu sol;
Yante ti siempre,
Tierra gigante,
Palpitaamante
Mi corazón.

Dios adorado
De nuestros padres
Oye mi voz;
Protegeal pueblo
Quehonró tu nombre,
Dándoleal hombre
La redención.

—Manuel Fernández Juncos, Porto Rico.

LITTLE STORIES FROM FOREIGN FIELDS

I DANGLED like a rag doll through a hole in the ceiling," the Junior Red Cross Director in Montenegro writes of her experience when the Podgoritz Orphanage caught fire recently. "Men above held my hands, women below caught my feet. None of them would let go and I thought I was about to be torn limb from limb!" However, she escaped intact, and the Orphanage was saved, thanks to the prompt action of the workers and the splendid discipline of the Orphanage people, who formed fire brigades. This home takes care of 100 children, and has a fine school garden and playground. The Junior Red Cross has also equipped a high school and a trade school in Podgoritz, a trade school in Cetinje, and an orphanage and trade school in Danilovgrad which will provide for 260 children.

"Children give themselves with absolute abandon to the program provided, splashing hilariously through their baths, apparently appreciating the dispensary, and romping on the playground in a way to do your heart good," says a report from the Junior Red Cross schools at Scutari, Elbasan, and Tirana, in Albania. Food and schooling are also provided and an additional playground and canteen is being carried on in Durazzo. In addition, the Junior Red Cross is cooperating with the Albanian Government in establishing a vocational training school for boys at Tirana. This school will be particularly valuable in instituting Albanian industries, which were non-existent under the long Turkish domination.

"The Italian babies have a song about their fratelli, the bambini Americani, so that at the age of three and four the friendship for America is instilled in them," reports a Junior Red Cross worker in Italy. This friendly feeling is largely due to the work of the Junior Red Cross, which has maintained a total of 570 children in twelve institutions scattered over Italy, 211 children for three months in day schools and fifty crippled children in a hospital school for three months. Among the most interesting of these institutions are the school-ships *Scilla* and *Caracciolo*, where 200 boys are clothed and fed and taught to be expert fishermen and seamen. A detailed description of these school-ships was given in the January number of the NEWS.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength, and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

—Theodore Parker.

"There is cleanliness and order and quiet, regular habits within the walls of the simple peasant house that shelters the twenty-five war orphans who for the moment make up this Junior Red Cross school in Breaza, Roumania. The girls are bright-eyed, pink-cheeked, upstanding, and as they bend over looms, spinning wheels, and embroidery frames, the lovely colors and soft fabric taking new form and beauty under their deftly moving hands, they make a picture that I wish with all my heart could be passed on to all who have made this come to pass." The Breaza home mentioned in this worker's report is only a small part of the Junior Red Cross activity in Roumania, which also includes an orphanage for 225 children at Constanza, recreational and industrial training in a hospital school at Tekir-Ghiol, and an orphanage for 300 children at Kishinev.

"It wasn't like this before the Americans came!" a Ruthenian woman was heard to say as she served a good dinner to the children in the Junior Red Cross Orphanage in Munkacevo, one of the largest Ruthenian towns (Czecho-Slovakia). This orphanage houses sixty-five children. In addition, workers have visited the homes of more than a thousand children, providing them with clothing and food and making them as comfortable as their surroundings will admit. The news has spread throughout the entire country that the orphanage is a model institution and Government officials and physicians frequently visit it to study American methods.



Roars of laughter greet the acting of Bruno Azelio at a farm school for orphans at Collestrada, Italy, which is aided by the Junior Red Cross. Bruno makes his own fantastic costumes.

JUNIORS ON THE JOB



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(1) Business High School, Washington, D. C., raised money with an old-fashioned minstrel show. (2) Juniors of Grand Rapids, Michigan, have made many layettes for poor babies. (3) Denver, Colorado, Juniors selling lemonade for funds. (4) Junior printing Junior Red Cross notices in Agassiz School, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. (5) Putting a cane bottom in a chair, Red Cross Community House, Plainfield, New Jersey. (6) Truckload of vegetables from a Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, school garden. (7) The banner tells the story of these Colusa, California, Juniors. (8) State Line School Juniors, New Pine Creek, Oregon, and some fine products of their handicraft. (9) Advertising "stunt" by school children of Enfield, North Carolina.



Edwin Markham's "man with the hoe" would have to hustle to keep up with these Juniors of Whittier School, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

GROWING SMILES AS A BUSINESS

OHIO Juniors are great gardeners. In addition to supplying vegetables for their own use last summer, they distributed them among needy families and sold the surplus, adding the money to their Junior Red Cross fund. They also had an abundance of flowers for their schoolrooms and sent bouquets to the shut-ins. Juniors everywhere are being urged to become gardeners this year.

With the approach of spring and thoughts of out-of-doors fun, Juniors may be interested in a field meet which would bring together all the Juniors of a given locality for a review of work done and to plan for future activities. Tennessee Juniors have found such a meet a great delight.

Thrift and Junior Red Cross service are boosted along by the waste paper salvage campaign as it is conducted by St. Louis school children. Last year they collected and sold 813 tons of waste paper, netting the Juniors \$18,172, an increase over net receipts

of \$881 in 1916, when this work began. In five years the St. Louis Juniors have earned \$37,199 from salvage.

Many Indian boys and girls in California are enthusiastic Juniors. The girls made beautiful baskets for a Junior Red Cross bazaar and the boys collected branches of manzanita wood to be made into canes and cut stalks of the yucca plant to be made into pin cushions.

The Juniors of one school at Americus, Georgia, have "adopted" a little girl in an Atlanta orphanage. They send her toys, clothing, and letters.

More than five thousand Junior girls in Washington (D. C.) schools are taking part in a knitting and sewing program, and toys are made with great enthusiasm by hundreds of Junior boys anxious to serve others.

Juniors in half a dozen states are collecting metal receptacles of sufficient size to hold a first aid emergency case. These are filled and distributed among rural schools.

THE DAY'S WORK

THIS issue of the NEWS is full of stories and pictures that give glimpses of the interesting every-day life of children in many parts of the world. The material has been classified for schoolroom use.

FOR THE BULLETIN BOARD

"Big Days in March," page 106, and "Juniors on the Job," page 108, may be placed upon the bulletin board for information and discussion. Copy on the blackboard, for study. Phillips Brooks' definition of "Service" on page 106.

THE IDEALS OF PATRIOTISM AND SERVICE

Junior Red Cross ideals as expressed in service are illustrated in the pictures "Juniors on the Job,"

page 108, and in the articles "Growing Smiles as a Business," page 109; "The Editor's Letter to You," page 112, and "In Kosciuszko's Country," page 98.



With wooden swords and barrel-top shields, two East Side, New York, schoolboys imitate ancient gladiators, possibly their ancestors

LEWIS W. HINE PHOTO

FOR THE FOREIGN LANGUAGE CLASS

The Spanish class will be interested in the Spanish translation of "America" on page 106.

THE BOOK PAGE

"Four-Footed Friends in Books," on page 111, gives a review of some of the best books dealing with animal life. These books may be borrowed from the library or loaned by the children and placed on a table in the class room for individual reading after lessons are prepared.

THE GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY LESSON

Poland and Czechoslovakia are two newly-born republics. "In Kosciuszko's Country," page 98, and "Playing a Great Game," page 100, give an interesting starting point for a study of the history and geography of these nations. Kosciuszko was an adjutant to General Washington in the Revolutionary War.

PRONOUNCING DEPARTMENT

Aguas Buenas	Ah'-gwahs-bway'-nahs	Ignazy	Eeg-nah-tzi
Azzelio	Aht-zay'-lio	Karolek	Kah-rol'-eck
Bakule	Bah-koo'-leh	Kishinev	Kee-shee-ny-off'
Bambini	Bahm-bee'-ni	Kosciuszko	Koss-i-us'-ko
Bialystok	By-ah'-li-stock	Liskow	Liss'-ko
Bohemia	Bo-heem'-ia	Moravia	Mo-ray'-via
Bratislava	Brahts-lah-vah	Munkacevo	Moon'-kah-chee-vo
Breaza	Bree-ah'-zah	Pilsen	Pill'-zen
Breshkovsky	Breszh-koff'-ska	Podgoritza	Pod'-go-ree-tsa
Brno	Bear'-no	Prague	Prahg
Cabane	Kah-bah'-neh	Scilla	Sheel'-lah
Caracciolo	Kah-rahch'-i-olo	Scutari	Skoo'-tah-ree
Cetinje	Tset'-een-yay	Sezze	Set'-ze
Ciambella	Chahm-bell'-a	Sokol	So'-kahl-y
Collestrada	Kol-les-trah-dah	Tatra	Tah'-tra
Constanza	Kon-stahn'-za	Tekir-Ghiol	Teh-keer'-joll
Czecho-Slovakia	Check'-o-slowvak'-ia	Tirana	Tee-rah'-nah
Czestochova	Chen-sto-ko'-vah	Volscian	Voll'-shan
Danilovgrad	Dah-nil'-off-grahd	Wiktor	Wick'-tor
Durazzo	Doo-rah'-so	Ziskov	Zhish'-kof
Elbasan	Ell-bah-sahn'		
Figueros	Fee-gay'-rahs		
Fratelli	Frah-tell'-o		
Giuseppina	Joo-sep-pee'-nah		

STORIES TO READ

"Elena and her Easter Cake," page 105; "In Kosciuszko's Country," page 98; "Little Stories from Foreign Fields," page 107; "The Editor's Letter to You," page 112, and the numerous little poems to be found throughout the magazine.

STORIES TO TELL

"In Kosciuszko's Country," page 98; "Growing Smiles as a Business," page 109; "Elena and Her Easter Cake," page 105, and "The Editor's Letter to You," page 112, contain excellent material for the story hour.

* * *

Professor: "How do you know an old partridge from a young one?"

Boy: "By teeth, sir."

Professor: "Nonsense; a partridge hasn't any teeth."

Boy: "No sir, but I have."—*The American Boy*.

FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS IN BOOKS

By Louise Franklin Bache



MADEL AND HERBERT PHOTO

An attentive Zebra

WHAT an exciting chorus of grunting, howling, and hissing bursts upon us when we open Mary Austin's "*The Trail Book*" (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and New

York, \$2) and get acquainted with the stuffed animals in the museum! Oliver had always felt sure they could come to life if they took the notion, so he and his sister Dorcas Jane were not very much surprised when it really happened, and the buffalo chief, the coyote, the pelican, the gander, and other museum folks began to amble about and tell interesting stories of long-ago times in America.

And what fascinating company is kept by John Burroughs, the great American naturalist! From his book, "*Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers*" (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and New York, \$1.35), it appears that his social circle is largely composed of squirrels, chipmunks, woodchucks, rabbits, skunks, foxes, weasels, minks, raccoons, porcupines, opossums, white mice, and other small fur-bearers. He brings us delightfully in touch with these furry friends, who are also to be found in W. G. Chapman's "*Green-Timber Trails*" (The Century Co., New York, \$1.60), a book just full of forest prowlers and hair-breadth escapes.

In "*The Trail of the Sandhill Stag*" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 75 cents), E. Thompson Seton tells the story of a buck that lived in the hills, and whose size, speed and wonderful antlers were the theme of every hunter. Another "Buck" is the hero of "*The Call of the Wild*," by Jack London (Grosset & Dunlap, New York, 75 cents). But this "Buck" is a strong shaggy dog that lived in the Klondike and became a leader of dogs and wolves, finally becoming a wild dog. There would have been a thrilling moment if "Buck" had ever run across Jim, the Police Dog. In "*Jim: the Story of a Backwoods Police Dog*" (The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50), Charles G.

"Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they; But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is—Obey!"

D. Roberts says: "Jim, at first glance, might almost have been taken for a slim, young black bear rather than a dog." But no one could take him for anything but a hero when

once they knew his story. Besides Jim, this book contains stories of The Eagle, The Mule, and Stripes the Unconcerned. "*The Jungle Book*" (Rudyard Kipling, The Century Co., New York, \$1.75) has tales of the jungle; of the Grey Brothers; of the Man Pack that are angry; of the Wolf Pack that prowls; of Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose, and Nag, the cobra! The companion volume to this book is "*The Second Jungle Book*."

The Water Rat and the Mole live in Kenneth Grahame's book, "*The Wind in the Willows*" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.50). They met on the river bank. The Rat invited his new friend for a boat ride and fetched along a fat luncheon basket. "What's inside it?" asked the Mole, wriggling with curiosity. "There's cold chicken inside it," replied the Rat briefly; "coldtonguecoldhamcoldbeefpickled-gherkinssaladfrenchrollscresssandwichespotted meat- gingerbeerlemonadesodawater—" "O stop, stop," cried the Mole in ecstasies. "This is too much."

Nearer home, we find the beloved "*Black Beauty: the Autobiography of a Horse*," by Anna Sewall (L. C. Page & Co., Boston, \$1.25), the story that has endeared all horses to two generations of children.

And now we have reached our own doorstep for we find ourselves introduced to a literary cat in "*Letters from a Cat*," by Helen Hunt Jackson (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.50). Cats all love to do unexpected things. So there's nothing really surprising in a cat's writing letters.

There's an ache in your heart when you say good-bye to "the dog of dogs" in "*Lad: A Dog*," by Albert Payson Terhune (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, \$1.75).



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

Mr. Groundhog (Himself)



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

The mouse deer is a rare little animal found in India. This one, in the Bronx Zoo, is 8¾ inches high and weighs 3¾ pounds

The Editor's Letter to You!

Dear Juniors:

Now and then I am going to tell you a few stories about individual boys and girls in Junior Red Cross schools in the United States and in the schools and orphanages abroad which are aided by your organization. There are instances of self-sacrificing service to others that are beautiful; there are little stories of splendid calmness and bravery in time of seeming danger, and there are examples of patience and perseverance in which girls and boys have overcome much trouble for themselves and for others.

In Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, is a seventeen-year-old boy who is just one of a dozen interesting boys in the Bakulé School for crippled children which has been assisted by the Junior Red Cross. His name is Jan. While he was a baby he lost the use of both legs. As he grew to boyhood his older brothers pulled him about on a sort of sled, but he was left alone a great deal. Jan was so neglected that he babbled just as if he were a baby, even when he was eleven years old. There he was, unable to walk and scarcely able to talk at eleven, when most girls and boys are getting well along in the grades at school. Jan's father finally took him to a loving teacher, Professor Bakulé, who was giving his life to the care of crippled children, making them forget their troubles and become self-supporting. Today, at seventeen, Jan is a master joiner, and is teaching his trade to poor boys from the streets of Prague. He has received a useful education, and is a wholesome, cheerful young man. He has brought happiness to others, including his parents, whose home he has improved.

Agnes Standifer, who is thirteen, lives in Albion, Oklahoma. Not very long ago there was a formal ceremony in the Albion Public School in which Agnes was called to the platform and given a gold locket and chain by a group of railroad men. It was all because she acted thoughtfully and calmly on a railroad trestle, in the face of an onrushing passenger train, and saved two small brothers, a little neighbor boy, and herself. The children were on the trestle at a point where there was a twelve-foot drop to the ground. The train came around a bend and was out on the

trestle before they saw it. Agnes picked up one small boy and dropped him over the trestle. Running back, she took each of the other boys under an arm and jumped from the bridge with them. The engineer thought he had knocked them off, so close did the train come to striking them. He had whistled an alarm, but was coming down grade and couldn't stop before passing the place where the four children were. Not one was hurt.

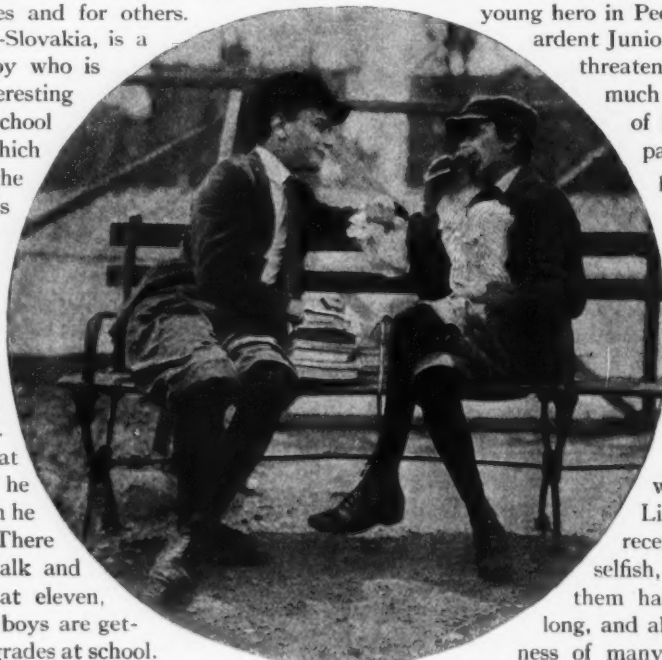
The little town of Aguas Buenas, Porto Rico, has a young hero in Pedro Figueros, who is an ardent Junior. During a fire which threatened the destruction of much property and the loss of lives, Pedro led a company of boys in rescuing persons from burning buildings and in helping to put out the flames. Pedro says he and his companions merely gave the sort of service they had pledged themselves to give in joining the Junior Red Cross.

Foreign-born children who attend the Abraham Lincoln School in Boston, recently displayed their unselfish, true natures. Some of them had not been in America long, and all knew of the unhappiness of many children in war-swept European countries: When their teachers told them of the purposes of the National Children's Fund of the

Junior Red Cross and of the foreign orphanages assisted, all of these children brought from twenty-five to fifty cents each. As they came from homes which appeared to be poor, the teachers urged them to give smaller sums. But they wouldn't think of it! Girls and boys told of their own knowledge of distress in certain countries, and insisted on the acceptance of their gifts.

There are more of these little stories I should like greatly to tell you. However, you can think over the happy unfolding of Jan, the master joiner; of the presence of mind and bravery of Agnes and Pedro, and of the warm sympathy and goodwill of the children of the Abraham Lincoln School. This all goes to show that unselfish service can be given individually and in groups. And every little move of the kind helps to make the world better and, consequently, happier.

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



KEYSTONE VIEW CO. PHOTO

Somewhere in America

